

Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

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VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Animals

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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The Bull-Fight Menace

"The only beast in the Plaza de Toros is the crowd."

—Blasco Ibanez

TIME MAGAZINE recently ran a one-page personality sketch of John Ringling North, the president of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. The story, among other things, mentioned that Mr. North spends a month or six weeks in Spain watching bull-fights—"the only thing he considers to be in a class with the circus, as a spectacle." The story went on to state that Mr. North would incorporate a bull-fight in his circus if he could figure out some way around the humane prejudices of United States' audiences.

The Reader's Digest carried a story only a short time ago which explained in detail how Sidney Franklin, the so-called "American Matador," began his bull-fight career.

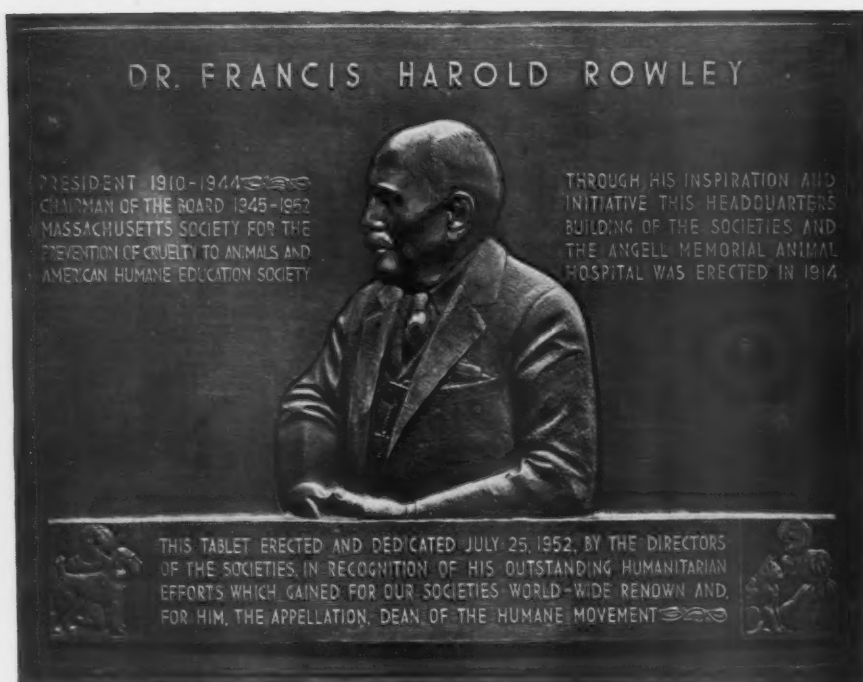
In the movies, audiences have seen such recent films as "The Brave Bulls" and "The Bull-Fighter and the Lady."

There are many promoters who are very anxious to sponsor bull-fights in this country and a great deal of subtle propaganda about the "great drama of the bull-fight" is being circulated in the United States.

The bull-fight is, and always has been a cruel and debasing so-called sport. It does not belong in this country—but humanitarians must be on the alert, lest it happen here.

We earnestly recommend to our readers the article entitled, "Pic, Barb and Sword" which appears on pages 10-11 of this issue. It is factual—it is new—it is to the point. Please read it and learn how the young woman who wrote the article reacted to the first bull-fight she attended in South America this year. It is a story you won't forget.

E. H. H.



Dr. Rowley Honored

ON JULY 25, the birth date of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, our former President and Chairman of the Board, dedication exercises were held at the headquarters of our Societies. At that time a bronze plaque in his honor was unveiled by his son, Charles F. Rowley.

President Eric H. Hansen addressed those present as follows:

"We have come together this afternoon to dedicate a memorial plaque in honor of Dr. Rowley. Had he lived he would have been 98 years old on this day.

"Since his passing on February 14, much has been written and said about him—so much, in fact, that there is little I can add today. I knew him well. He gave me his full confidence, his generous love and affection, his aid and advice. Truly, he was a great American and a great humanitarian.

"When he began college he intended to be a lawyer, but his deep-seated love for humanity soon came to the fore, and it was this inner drive that finally made him choose the ministry where his unique talents as orator and writer soon

won for him accolades far and wide. His love and understanding of humanity knew no bounds. It reached out to all sentient creatures and manifested itself in his many years of voluntary service as Secretary and Director of the national humane organization.

"When he succeeded Mr. Angell, in 1910, his ambition soon was apparent in his desire to build this memorial building as a headquarters and a hospital. Under his able leadership, our Societies prospered and extended their services almost without limit.

"I like to think of Dr. Rowley best as living in an imaginary house. Downstairs in this house we see him as the husband with his lovely wife, Ida. We see him as a father of three sons and a daughter. Here he beams with pride when his boys graduate from Harvard and begin successful careers. Here he warms to the attention and love bestowed on him by his wife and daughter. Here, also, we see him, as he would have said, 'tasting the bitter and the sweet.' Yes, a number of times he did taste the bitter, but his loyal friends came to his aid—experiences he never forgot.

"But, living upstairs is where I really like him. Here in a wonderful room he can look out upon the wide world—see the highest mountain peaks, the fertile valleys. Here he can see all of God's living creations he loved so much. It was in these surroundings he wrote his beautiful poetic booklet, *The Humane Idea*. Here, also, he wrote, *The Horses of Homer*, planned the Angell Memorial Hospital, and the modern approach to Humane Education.

"Today, we dedicate but a bronze image of the great man. May future generations, future directors and staffs of these Societies, look upon this plaque with reverence. May they obtain from it inspiration, courage and kindness, to continue faithfully the work he so nobly enriched with his genius. His work and his memory will live long after every one in this hall is gone. His work was that of God—of kindness and of compassion for all living things. It is in this spirit that we dedicate this plaque to the memory of Dr. Francis Harold Rowley, a man of kindness, a man of peace."

Dr. Rowley's two sons, Directors of the Societies, Mr. Aristide Berto Cianfarani, the famed artist who fashioned the plaque, and his wife were in attendance, as well as staff members of various departments of the Societies and Hospital.



(Left to right), admiring the plaque are Directors of our Societies: William H. Potter, Jr., George S. West, Stanwood K. Bolton, John R. Macomber, Bartholomew A. Brickley, (Dr. Rowley's sons) Charles F. Rowley and H. Esmond Rowley, Director Montague W. W. Prowse, and President Eric H. Hansen.



The bell-cow leads the herd through a street in Switzerland.

—Photo by Georgia Engelhard

Many females of various species achieve - -

Leadership Among Animals

By W. J. Banks

LEADERSHIP is as marked in the animal kingdom as in the realm of human life. Among groups of people a few achieve authority while the rest follow; so, too, the stronger personalities assert themselves among animals and birds. Superior strength, experience or intelligence may be the dictator's secret of power. But in the animal world it is wielded wisely, as a rule. Perhaps one reason is the fact that so many animal bosses are of the gentler sex.

The elephant line in the circus is almost always ruled by a wise old female, and though they may excel her in brute strength, the bulls and younger cows submit meekly to her chastisements.

Likewise, in the wild state, the elephant herd is bossed by an elderly cow upon whose knowledge of local geography the followers depend for their safety and welfare. She decides the course of the day's march by tossing a trunkful of dust in the air to determine the wind direction.

Among most species of antelope, deer and sheep the female boss seems to be the rule rather than the exception. And she takes her duties seriously. One or two matrons will stand guard while the giraffe herd rests. The great caribou herds, which migrate twice a year in a well-ordered march of staggering proportions, apparently follow the same procedure. If the sentinel takes a rest,

a lady lieutenant assumes the watch.

Among the deer and elk people the lordly stag may annex a number of wives in season, but when the dangers and hardships of winter arrive, the herds gather and the proud males submit meekly to the leadership of an experienced female. She seems to know the location of the salt licks and the best grasses under the snow. Similarly the mountain sheep accept the authority of a wise matriarch who leads them from range to range and scans the possible approaches of danger from a high crag while the others feed.

The Norwegian farmers whose herds seek the scant pasturage of the lofty mountain sides, make a bell-cow of the one who wins the spring fights, confident that where she goes the others will follow. The bell-wethers of the North American sheep ranch are an exception to this rule of female mastery in the realm of the grass-eaters. They seldom have to fight for their authority, an orphaned lamb raised in the home often assuming command. Judas-like, he leads his fellows into the market-bound truck, then leaps out at a whistle.

Among the more man-like monkeys, the leader is usually a male. The baboon dictator is a real boss while the job lasts, but like a gang leader he is likely to be "bumped off" if his rivals detect any weakness. However, to give him credit,

he takes his work seriously. First to attack and last to leave the scene of battle, he safeguards the weak and succors the stragglers in flight.

The gorillas usually travel in small family groups, but various families live at peace together, something humans find most difficult. The father is the boss, at least ostensibly, sending mate and offspring to fetch him fruit and boxing the ears of the laggard.

Among birds, the brighter plumaged male also commonly holds sway. An old gander may establish his rule in the barnyard, watching for danger and herding the fowl to shelter. One aged grandfather of many goslings would knock on his master's back door when it was time to shut up the flocks for the night. Occasionally a wild fowl, adopting the domestic ways of his relatives, will assume the farmyard leadership, perhaps admired as a man of the world.

In mixed and wild flocks, the male bird usually holds the leadership. The old cock who leads a covey of partridges keeps a constant vigil and remains upright while the others crouch from danger. He is the first in the air and often dies while giving the alarm. Thus, among the lesser of nature's children, as well as in the world of men, leadership involves work and sacrifice. Those who are not willing to assume its responsibilities are not worthy of its privileges.

"Inky"

By E. M. Clifton

INKY," the Post Office kitten, was gone! Mrs. Rogers, the postmistress, called and called. No Inky. "Rags," the Post Office pup, barked and barked. Still no Inky! That was strange because Inky never went far away.

The Manomet, Massachusetts, Post Office where Inky lived is only a few miles south of the famous Plymouth Rock. Possibly Inky's ancestors landed there, if there were any cats aboard the Mayflower. Anyway, Inky was a pretty special kitten, all black with great big soulful green eyes. He was a woolly kitten, an angora, with a big fluffy tail. Inky was curious, there was so much to explore.

The Rogers lived above the Post Office and part of the first floor was a grocery store, run by Mr. Rogers. The rest was partitioned off for the Post Office. This was where Inky spent most of his time. Dozens of tiny boxes with little glass doors. Inky could crawl into the tiny boxes and look out of the glass doors. Of course, Mrs. Rogers would pick him out of the box and put letters and papers in where he'd been, but there were so many boxes he could always find one in which to hide.

It was fun when someone opened a glass door of the box Inky was in. He'd grab the hand as it reached in. Scared a lot of people, too!

The big waste basket was a nice place for a nap, unless someone threw papers on top of him; being black he did not always show up if it were dark.

Mrs. Rogers looked now in the waste basket, she looked in all the boxes, she called and called; Rags kept right on barking. No Inky! Suddenly she ran to the telephone. She called the big Post Office in Boston and asked them if it were too late to catch the mail sack from Manomet. No—it was just riding along on the big belt, they'd catch it.

A few minutes later the Postmaster at the big Post Office called the Postmaster at the little Post Office and told her they had found the sack, opened it, and **THERE WAS INKY!** He had crawled into the mail sack for a nap. It was dark, like the waste basket, so no one noticed him. The sack was tossed on a truck at Manomet, thrown aboard the train at Plymouth, crowded on another truck at Boston and at the big Post Office was riding along on a big belt to where all sacks are opened, and mail sorted. Inky wasn't even ruffled. He just blinked his big soulful green eyes, looked up at the man, stretched and began to purr.

The Postmaster in the big Post Office put Inky in a box with holes in it and shipped him back to Manomet. From then on Inky never even looked at a mail sack again. As he grew bigger and bigger all he could do was stick his woolly paw in the boxes when people opened the little glass doors. He spent more time teasing Rags, the Post Office pup. After all he, Inky, was now famous, he had even had his picture in a Boston paper, he was a Tourist cat, he'd traveled!

Peeping Tom-ess

By Isabel Clayton

OUR angora cat spends most of her time inside the house looking out, for she can't climb up a tree away from the dogs as fast as she used to do, when she was in her kitten days. Now, when she hears a strange noise outside, she growls almost like a dog and runs to a window to see who or what it is.

Before we remodeled our home, her favorite lookout was a window in the kitchen. It was low enough for her to stand up, put her paws on the sill and look curiously outside. It afforded her a good view of the whole yard.

Last winter produced some very sudden cold spells and one morning this particular window was covered completely with frost. Our cat stood up, looked the window over, got down, and looked up at me and meowed. At the time, I was busy getting breakfast and did not pay much attention to her until, wondering at her sudden silence, I looked around and saw her licking the frost away with her little red tongue.

Since she is very fond of ice cream I supposed that was what she thought it was. The next time I looked, however, she had licked clear, a round place about as large as one eye and was licking another spot about an inch farther over. When that one was as large as the other, she stood looking out through the peepholes she had made in the frost.

The holes stayed on the window for several days and she used them quite often, to our great enjoyment and amusement.

DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



THE GRAVES OF
FAMED IRISH BRIGADE
CASUALTIES AT THE GETTYSBURG
BATTLEFIELD ARE WATCHED OVER BY A STATUE OF AN
IRISH WOLFHOUND



ONE FAMILY IN EVERY
FIVE IN ENGLAND HAS
A PEDIGREED DOG



MRS. KATHERINE ST. GEORGE,
CONGRESSWOMAN FROM NEW
YORK STATE, OFTEN SERVES
AS A JUDGE AT DOG SHOWS

© 1951, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.

ONE of the strangest birds in the world is the giant cassowary, found only in the Cape York Peninsula (North Australia), and in parts of New Guinea, the Aru Isles, and Ceram (an island in the Malay Archipelago). With its handsome black plumage, brightly-colored wattles, and striking horny "helmet" or casque, the cassowary is not only one of the finest of the world's flightless birds, but is the rarest and least known of them all.

A sombre bird that lives stealthily in the darkest parts of the jungle, the cassowary is the most alert and timid of all birds. It glides through the jungle like a shadow, and is rarely seen by travelers. This is somewhat surprising, because the cassowary is a big bird; it often grows to a height of six feet, and is much heavier and more strongly built than its well-known cousin, the emu. Despite its size, however, the bird moves through the dense tangle of stems and tropical climbers with scarcely a sound.

Many naturalists who have visited the jungles to examine the bird in its natural haunts have searched for it in vain; day after day they have encountered fresh tracks made by the birds, without even catching a glimpse of one. In fact, many persons have lived for months in the jungles without seeing a single cassowary. Often, however, one hears the bird's peculiar call-notes—a loud, guttural grunt, or a deep, booming sound, which can be heard from a considerable distance.

The birds are never seen in open forest or plain country; they remain in the darkest and densest parts of the jungle, where the sun never penetrates and where it is always twilight. In fact, the cassowary is so much a bird of the jungle darkness that, if compelled to live in the bright sunlight, it often becomes blind, and loses the clear beauty of its splendid large, dark eyes, which are one of its most attractive characteristics.

When night falls, the birds leave the densest parts of the jungle, and roam about searching for food—wild fruits, seeds, and berries. They are also fond of water, being great swimmers, and often bathe in the crocodile-infested creeks and rivers of the jungle; but, strangely enough, the crocodiles never appear to touch them.

The cassowary's nest, rarely found, is formed of sticks and leaves at the base of a big tree in the densest part of the jungle; it usually measures about a yard across. Four or five eggs, of a beautiful pea-green color, are laid by the female, and in hatching them she is assisted by the male bird, who is a devoted parent and takes his turn at sitting on the eggs. But so many of the eggs are destroyed by wild pigs and snakes that the cassowary is being slowly exterminated, and appears doomed to extinction.

The male cassowaries are very pugnacious, and never hesitate to attack any man or animal found robbing their nests. The birds have powerful legs, and their kick could break a man's leg with ease. They are also swift runners and rival kangaroos in their jumping ability; a cassowary has been observed to clear at a bound, a fence eight feet in height.

Flightless Cassowary

By Ewen K. Patterson



The birds do not thrive in captivity, and although captive females frequently lay eggs they have never been known to hatch any.

Ode to Someone's Loveable Puppy

By Rebecca Helene Staal

*Long-legged, lop-eared, impish and ugly,
Playful and friendly but always in trouble;
He runs off with our shoes and tears up our hats,*

*Digs up the flowers and chases the cats,
Eats all day but is never filled up
This long-legged rascally lovable pup.*

About Frogs and Toads

By Lois Boyd



Fowler's toad.

FROGS are very ancient animals. Greek and Roman authors mention them, and a plague of frogs was suffered by the Egyptians in Bible times. Perhaps it is because they are harmless and do not affect our everyday lives very closely that scientists were so slow to make any study of these little creatures.

During the centuries many superstitions have arisen connected with frogs. Several ancient writers speak of "showers of frogs" and one Heraclides Lembus in his history states: "In Paeonia and Dardania, it has, they say, before now rained frogs, that the houses and the roads have been full with them; and at first for some days the inhabitants, endeavoring to kill them and shutting up their houses, endured the pest; but when they did no good, and when they could not make use of any water, nor put their feet on the ground for the heaps of frogs that were everywhere, and were annoyed also by the smell of those that died, they fled the country."

Quite as strange as the idea that frogs rained from the sky was the idea, proposed by Aristotle, that frogs were procreated from mud. It is not much more than two hundred years ago that the

facts concerning the hibernation of frogs became known.

When the tiny tadpole is hatched in the spring he does not look like a frog at all. He has gills, no legs, a tail and a queer parrot-like beak. During the first summer of his life he spends his time growing into a real frog; first his gills are absorbed, then his hind legs grow out near the base of his tail; later his right arm comes out and then his left arm. While his legs are growing his head structure changes, he loses his beak and acquires the wide mouth, characteristic of the frog. Last of all his tail is absorbed and his physical development is complete. By the end of the summer he is a sure enough frog but only about half his adult size. When the cool days come in autumn, the frog seeks for a sheltered

ish as it sounds for adrenalin is produced in such compounds.

The toadstone was a treasure once eagerly sought for. Because the toad has such a gleaming brilliant eye it was believed that a marvelous jewel was concealed within its head. This jewel was supposed to possess magic powers; it could heal disease and prevent disaster if worn as charm or amulet. Shakespeare draws a moral on it in these famous lines:

*"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and
venomous, Wears yet a precious
jewel in his head."*

The idea that handling toads causes warts is still quite common, but wholly untrue. The only precaution necessary when handling toads is to be sure that the secretion from their skin glands does not get into one's eyes or mouth. This may cause infection and serious difficulty but it will not produce warts.

There are about two thousand species of tailless amphibians, but we call them all by the two common names of "frog" and "toad." The toad, strictly speaking, lives on land during the entire summer months while the frog inhabits both land and water.



Bull frog.

place along the border of a pond and there he buries himself in the mud and hibernates to reappear, when the spring days come, as an adult frog ready to add his voice to the evening concert at the pond.

Just why the frog should have been associated with sorcerers and alchemists during the Middle Ages is hard to determine. But many a witch's brew had "toe of frog" among its ingredients and many a wretched sufferer was forced to swallow nauseating concoctions in which powdered skin of a frog played a prominent part. Among the ancient Chinese, powdered toad skin was used in many medicines. Recent investigations have shown that this practice was not as fool-



Common toad.

Collies Went to Church

By Arthur Hedley

ONE day when preaching in the bonnie Borderland of Scotland, a dog found its way into church much to the amazement and amusement of the young people; not feeling at home in such surroundings, doggie quickly trotted out to roam with pleasure in the streets.

Some hundred and fifty years ago, however, Scotch collies felt just as much at home in the Church as in the cottage. The Border shepherds encased in their plaids went to church accompanied by their dogs in all sorts of weather. The floors were practically earthen and the dogs would enter with their masters and either sit in the aisle or by their master's side in the pew. Their behavior at times was rather irreverent and disconcerting, for there were frequent quarrels which often ended in fierce dog fights. On the slightest growl from one the remainder would prick up their ears; if a couple fell out it was the signal for a general scrap. The rest that were prowling about, or half asleep at their master's feet, would rush out to join in the conflict. Then, as the strife waxed fierce and furious, the noise would become so deafening that the voice of the minister would be drowned and he would be compelled to pause. Two or three shepherds would have to leave their places and use their nibbles (shepherds' crooks) before the dogs were silenced and the service of the sanctuary would be resumed.

The singing of the Psalms seemed to make a great appeal to the shepherds' collies. James Hogg—a famous Border shepherd-poet—says of his own dog, "Hector," that when he heard his master's voice in the Psalms a great commotion followed. "He fell in with such



After church, these two stopped to discuss the services.

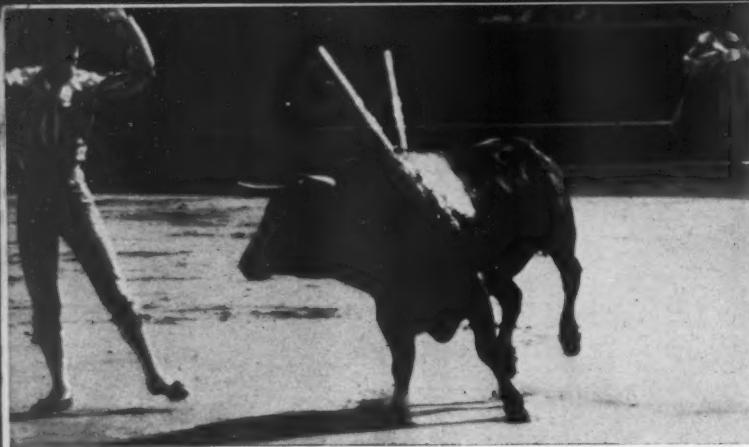
overpowering vehemence that he and I seldom got any to join in the music but our two selves. The shepherds hid their heads and laid down on the seats wrapped in their plaids and the lasses looked down to the ground and laughed till their faces grew red." Of Hector's father, "Sirrah," Hogg said: "Many a good song, Psalm and tune was he the cause of spoiling; for when he was fairly set to—at which he was not slack—the voices of his coadjutors had no chance with his." Sirrah had to be banished from family worship to the kitchen. If they forgot to shut him up securely he would steal into the room and when the Psalm was sung would join in with such zeal that no other voice could be heard. Sometimes when his master was too weary to stay up for evening worship he would go to bed, taking the dog with him. Sirrah was quite content to lie in a corner of the loft, but only until he heard the singing begin, when he would lie with his ear to the door and on a low note growl his own praises to the Creator.

The collies were recognized as a section of the congregation and the closing arrangements were made in reference to them. When the elders went round with the collection ladles the dogs would rouse themselves and, to prevent their barking, the congregation would remain seated while the blessing was pronounced. The rising of the shepherds was attended by a "perfect storm of barking, a general canine jubilee." A clergyman from a distance who one day officiated, was struck with the seeming

irreverence of the congregation sitting during the benediction. It was explained to him that it was to "cheat the dogs."

An Elizabethan dog in church is enshrined in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Woodstock." This was an enormous mastiff called "Bevis," belonging to Sir Henry Lee. He saved his master while asleep when his Italian valet attempted to rob him. Concerning Sir Henry's attendance at the thanksgiving service at Woodstock Parish Church after the Battle of Worcester, Scott wrote of him, "followed by the faithful mastiff which in old time had saved its master by its fidelity and which regularly followed him to Church. Bevis, indeed, fell under the proverb which avers, 'He is a good dog which goes to Church.' For, save an occasional temptation to warble . . . he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them."

Probably many readers can recall interesting and amusing incidents associated with dogs in attendance at Divine worship, so faithful are dogs to their masters that they are prepared to follow them anywhere and wait patiently till their duties, or devotions, are finished. In bygone days the Scotch collies needed great patience, seeing that on special occasions services would last over three hours. We think of "Greyfriars' Bobby" who was faithful even unto death. For fourteen years, this Skye terrier, though regularly turned out by day, spent every night on the grave of his master, the Midlothian farmer Gray.



The matador has placed the first banderillas. The light is shining on the broad stream of blood on the bull's shoulder.



Two pairs of banderillas have been placed. The bull's head is now lower than when he entered the arena ten minutes before.

FIFTEEN MINUTES! — The red cape, the steel "pic," blood, six banderillas, the sword — DEATH! Those, with a half-dozen "brave" men, "dressed to kill," and one bull, make for death, with no quarter, in the bull-ring.

All this I saw last winter while in Lima, Peru. I was invited to attend a bullfight. Needless to say, after all I had read and heard about this spectacle, I was of two minds about accepting the invitation—a rational desire to witness and judge for myself; fear that what I had heard might be true. I accepted—and my worst fears were realized.

I had just time to ready my camera when the music changed and into the arena came the three matadors, their assistants and the picadors, riding padded and blind-folded horses. There they bowed to the patron of the fight, then disappeared once again behind the barrier.

With another change of music, another gate opened and a black bull ran into the center of the sunlit ring, his breeder's ribbons harpooned into his back. A scarlet cape waved and the bull's momentary confusion was converted into a mad charge as man and cape disappeared behind the barrier. The bull halted, turned, then charged a second waving cape only to have that, too, disappear before his very eyes. A third and a fourth time,

in perfect safety, the animal was taunted and tired.

Then came the matador, alone, with his circular cape lined with red silk—his goal, to lead the tiring animal around him in a tight circle, then to walk away from the winded bull toward the grandstand for his applause.

Next, the picador rode into the ring, carrying his eight-foot, steel-pronged "pic," with which he so damages the neck muscles that support the carriage of the head, that the bull's head is properly positioned for the assassin's sword. Once more the waving cape, a furious charge, and as the bull lowered his horns, his withers met the point of the pic. The force of the impact drove the point into his flesh. Then the picador, using the leverage of the eight-foot shaft, pried a large and bloody gash in the animal's neck muscles. His part of the slaughter accomplished, the rider retired, leaving the bull panting, with a stream of blood pouring from the top of his shoulder.

I could see that the bull had changed noticeably in the scant eight minutes since he first trotted into the arena. He was winded and tired, bewildered, and weakened from loss of blood. It became apparent that black bulls are used because their bleeding is less noticeable and less offensive to the "sensibilities?" of the spectators.

Such was his condition when the

Pic, Barb a

by Muriel J



The picador has placed the pic in the bull's withers as the bull is preparing to take the bull away and pass him back to the

matador approached, carrying a banderilla in each hand, those tinsel-covered, three-foot sticks that terminate in four-inch steel barbs. Maddened with pain, the bull charged, only to feel the two barbs thrust into his withers. Two additional pairs followed in quick succession, the colors of the shafts diverting attention from the blood streaming down the animal's sides.

Then came the final scene in this cruel tragedy. The matador came again into the ring, carrying a red flannel cloth, folded over a stick, and con-



The matador severs the spinal cord after withdrawing the misplaced sword from the second bull.



The matador, enticing the bull with the muleta, which is supported by the stick and conceals the sword from the bull.



The sword is held breast high, before an animal is hypnotized into charging the matador.

o and Sword

Muriel J. Coffin



ers as the bull tries to gore the horse's belly. The man with the cape lass him back to the picador if the first pic is not successful.

cealing the killing sword. First, he enticed the bull toward him to increase the animal's fatigue. Then, holding the sword breast high, while the bull charged again, he reached over his lowered head and plunged the down-tipped sword through his back to a vital point in the chest. Slowly, the tortured animal sank to the sand—then toppled on his side.

Then, as the matador walked around the ring, carrying his bloody weapon and receiving the homage of the cheering crowds, the bull's body was dragged away by a team of four,

brightly-bedecked mules. At the same time, attendants whisked away the bloody marks in the sand and all was ready for the second fight.

How I managed to stay even through the first fight I shall never know. For me, it was a nauseating experience, but I was determined to see it through.

The second fight was outright butchery. The animal was not what is termed a "brave" bull. He did not rush the cape at every opportunity. The matador was not able to terminate his cape display by "fixing" the bull. He was definitely afraid of this unpredictable animal and the crowd was loud with its jeers and harsh remarks. Because the bull would not charge, the bullfighter had to plunge his sword into the standing animal. This undesirable technique is called, by *aficionados*, "murdering the bull." The wounded animal lumbered to the sunny side of the ring, hurriedly followed by all the matadors, flapping their capes to give assistance at this dangerous time. The bull backed into the barrier and faced his tormentors. While he was held in check by the moving capes, the matador hooked the handle of the embedded sword with another sword and withdrew the blade. This increased the internal hemorrhage and when the beast dropped to his knees, the matador stabbed him in the back of the neck.

The third fight was so revolting that I am still reluctant to recall it. Just as the picador rode into the ring, I finished my last roll of film. Until then, the photographic details of focus, aperture and framing had protected me from the full impact of the scenes before me. Now I had to watch with my mind as well as my eyes, the actions of the picador and the placing of the *banderillas*. When the sword was driven home, the animal did not fall. He stood in front of me and bled to death. Quarts of blood gushed from his nose and mouth in a cascade that made splattering noises in the sand.

I barely managed to reach the exit where my husband rescued me and the camera. It was my first bullfight—and my last!

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Coffin accompanied her husband, David L. Coffin, Pathologist at the Angell Memorial Hospital, delegate to the First Pan-American Veterinary Congress, who conducted an expedition into the jungle to investigate parrot diseases for the Richard's Parrot Research Project, administered by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

35 Kodachromes, now the property of the Society, are available for lectures and will be shown at the annual convention of The American Humane Association to be held in Boston next month.

The dead bull being pulled from the arena by a team of four mules.





A fitting candidate for royalty.

IF your favorite dog begins to get publicity conscious and wants to look at his press clippings and blue ribbons, don't be alarmed. He's not going "snooty." In all probability, he's just anxious to learn whether or not he can qualify for the Hall of Fame for Dogs. If he does meet the rigid requirements for this canine honor collection, he's truly an outstanding dog!

For this dogdom Hall of Fame, which is located in the Peabody Museum at Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, is only for those dogs who have been

Hall of Fame for Dogs

By P. D. Keating

recognized as champions or who, by their deeds, have displayed the courage of champions. It is no place for the near-great, the weak of heart, or the pampered pet.

Like the Hall of Fame for Distinguished Americans, the Peabody's roster of great dogs confines itself to those canines who have passed on. And when a champion has barked for the last time, skilled taxidermists reproduce a life-size specimen of the departed dog. Then the "Hall of Famer" is mounted so that future generations can see how he looked in real life.

This Peabody experiment marks the first serious effort to immortalize outstanding dogs. What is more specific, this collection is confining itself to the great dogs of the 20th century. And because of this, it has developed into something more than just a mere showcase for famous dogs. It will be an illustrated history of dogs' development throughout the present century.

Dr. Leon F. Whitney, a leading biologist, veterinarian, and author, is the originator of the idea and he has dedicated himself to the task of gathering material evidence of the dogs of our time. Through his efforts, dog-lovers of

future years will have concrete testimony of how the different breeds looked back in the 20th century.

The progress of the collection is naturally slow as every care is being taken to obtain the best possible specimens. However, the few who have already been ensconced in the Museum have attracted much attention.

Famous dogs of one breed stand side by side with famous dogs of other breeds to delight the thousands who have visited this unique Hall of Fame.

It certainly represents the royalty of dogdom. And one of the proud members is "Toga," of the famous Alaskan dog-team which carried the diphtheria serum in a death-defying race to stricken Nome in 1925.

Titleholders representing outstanding breeds like the Cocker Spaniel, French Bulldog, Chow, Manchester Terrier, Gordon Setter, Great Dane, Whippet, and the English Mastiff are also on parade. It is the plan of the Museum authorities to have, in time, a representative champion of every breed that is recognized by the American Kennel Club. When this aim is fulfilled, the Museum will truly be the home of champions.

Empire-Building Cat . . . *By Lucile Anderson*

IT was past bedtime but the New England school teacher could not sleep. He kept thinking of the conversation he had taken part in that evening. It was at the dinner table that someone had laughingly suggested that he should put his Yankee mind to work on the problem of inventing an easy way to separate cotton fiber from the seed.

As Schoolmaster Whitney was about to give up the problem he heard a commotion in the yard. He leaned out the window to see what was causing the disturbance. There he saw a crate of chickens. The front of the crate was made of slats to allow the air to circulate freely. Through these slats a kitten was reaching curiously at the strange birds within. But every time she reached in, back came her paws with nothing but feathers hanging from her claws.

Like a flash, Whitney decided that he

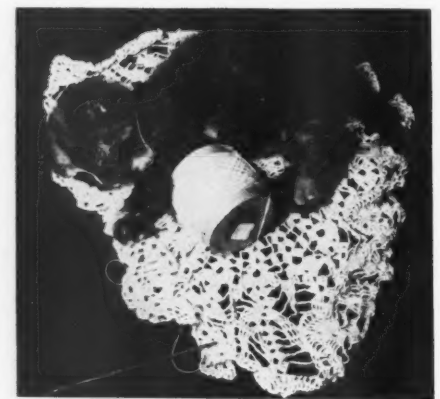
might solve the problem of separating the cotton fiber from the seeds. He, the schoolmaster, had found his problem solved by a cat! He would simply pull the fibers through openings too small to allow the seeds to pass.

The next morning Eli Whitney went down to the plantation blacksmith shop and set to work. As he neared success he gave up teaching to devote all his time to his invention. He wrote to his father that "It makes the labor fifty times less without throwing any class of people out of business."

He made many further improvements in the machine, but failed to become rich because people copied his work without paying him for it. However, his engine built the cotton empire of the South. It made the Southerners averse to freeing their slaves. It increased the number of manufacturing towns in England and in

New England. Thousands were given work manufacturing the tools needed to cultivate the cotton and to spin the fibers into thread.

Whitney called his invention the cotton engine. Cotton pickers shortened the name to gin so that today we have in every Southern town not a cotton engine, but a cotton gin.



Imagine a kitten making history!

Nature Did It First

By Ewen K. Patterson

THE old adage, "There's nothing new under the sun," is well illustrated by the fact that in the seas are many creatures that have long used the instruments and methods of warfare which modern man regards as his own peculiar creations. For instance, smoke-screens, barbed-wire entanglements, bayonets, torpedoes, bombs, poisoned stilettos, camouflage, and even anti-aircraft guns have all been represented in the seas (in underlying principles, at any rate) for millions of years—long before man had begun to fabricate his first weapons from flint and stone, before he had even begun to exist.

Smoke-screens, which modern armies put up by means of tanks on land and warships at sea, are used by various sea creatures, the most widely-known precursor of the idea being the cuttle-fish. When disturbed it emits a black fluid which provides a smoke-screen under cover of which it escapes from its enemies.

Barbed-wire entanglements, with which modern armies protect their trenches, are also employed in the sea—by the cotton-fish, a large, purplish-black *beche-de-mer* of the Pacific. When disturbed it invariably saves itself with "barbed-wire entanglements," a mass of whitish material, like tangled threads of cotton, ejected from the mouth. This mass is an assemblage of thin tubes from the creature's internal organs; the tubes are sticky; they swell out into a tangled, floating skein upon contact with the water, and the attacker (fish, crab, or lobster) invariably becomes enmeshed within the threads to be rendered helpless for a time. Meanwhile, the cotton-fish makes good its escape and goes into hiding to regrow the whole of its internals in proper functioning order.



Note how the gulls retract their feet as they take off for flight.

Anti-aircraft guns have been evolved by modern armies to deal with enemies in the sky. On the same principle, but to obtain food, the archer-fish shoots spurts of water to bring down flies and other insect prey, indulging in flying shots with most accurate results.

The sea also has its bomb-thrower—a giant deep-sea prawn of the Pacific. When attacked by an enemy it releases a "bomb," a spot of substance from a gland near the head, and on touching the water this bursts into a strong white light, which so blinds the enemy that the prawn is able to escape.

No man-made bayonet could be better constructed or more effectual than the powerful, spear-like sword of the marlin swordfish. Its long, hard-bone "bayonet" is a formidable weapon that has been known to penetrate the hull of a ship to a depth of 27 inches, passing through two inches of metal and nine inches of solid wood. Only at about the beginning of this century did man develop the streamlined modern torpedo, imitating the body of the swordfish. It is Nature's finest example of stream-lining—a perfect torpedo, attaining a speed that no man has yet been able to compute but which must exceed 100 miles per hour.

Camouflage also plays an important

part in modern warfare. Gun emplacements and airplane hangars are covered with branches, etc., so as to be indistinguishable from the air, while battle-ships are painted in such a manner that it is difficult to tell in which direction they are going. Similarly many sea creatures dress themselves so as to be in complete harmony with their surroundings, and thus deceive their enemies.

Portable electric batteries, other articles essential in the conduct of a war, are also represented in the sea, where there are several electric fish, which not only grow their own "batteries," but are able to recharge them in some mysterious manner.

The well-known hermit crab also literally presents the extraordinary spectacle of a heavily-armed soldier with a sentry-box upon its back, while the seas also contain several experts in the infernal employment of the poisoned stiletto—fish equipped with poisonous spines.

Last, but not least, is the sea-gull. Modern airplanes are generally built with retractable carriage, drawing up the wheels when flying, to reduce air resistance. Sea-gulls, however, have always retracted their feet on precisely the same principle—another example of Nature beating man.

Essay Contest in Reading

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education



First prize winners in essay contest.

RECENTLY, the assembly hall of the Joshua Eaton School, of Reading, Mass., was filled to overflowing with parents, teachers, and young people as Miss Stephanie Abbott, a sixth-grade pupil, greeted the assembled guests. The occasion was the awarding of prizes for the second annual essay contest on the subject of kindness to animals, for which the Reading Women's Club had generously contributed 19 books about animals. Over 350 essays of pupils from grades 2-6 had been submitted to the judges, who were Miss Grace Abbott, Miss Ethelyn Cowperthwaite, and Mrs. Georgia Grebenstein. The task was a difficult one because of the excellent essays received from the respective grades, and everyone was anxiously awaiting the judges' verdict.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education of our Society, spoke of the purposes and objectives to be derived from an understanding of pets and other animals. He also presented medals to Peter Maxim and Susan Ellis for their prize-winning

animal posters, and announced that the Society had awarded 19 second prizes in the form of a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* magazine.

For the time being, the suspense of learning who were the winners of the essay contest was forgotten as a group consisting of Paul Cowan, Bobby Trites, Jimmy Gallagher, Bradley Lathom, Linda Chesbey, Sandra Howes, Anne Knox, and Sandra Moore took their places on the stage and presented an excellent play called "The Be Kind to Animals Club."

The applause was long and hearty as Mrs. Carl Anderson, president of the Reading Women's Club, thanked all who had contributed to another successful Be Kind to Animals Week observance, and spoke of the responsibilities we have to animals which do so much for us. She then called upon Mrs. David Truesdell to assist in awarding the prizes and congratulating the following for their essays which had been chosen by the judges. First prize winners: Cheryl Williams, Judith Kay, Carole Barney, Nancy Chandler, Nancy Luther, Gerard O'Brien, Richard Gerrior, Beverly Gregorio, Jane Faye, Paula King, Dorothy Russell, Patty Hall, Barbara Youtz, David Nelson, Susan Brown, Peter Maxim, Katherine Hill, George Lufkin and Joan Mulley.

Second prize winners: Eileen Lower, Jeanne Shopter, Linda Jost, Martha Oldenbrook, Marilyn Olson, Carol Ann Olson, Barbara Boyd, Evelyn Opland, Robert Cutler, Kilburn Cully, Nancy Hurly, Robert Kenny, Susan Bryan, Carol Curtis, Douglas Stevens, June Keene, Dolores Mello, Fred Doane, and Robert Trites.



(Left to right), Mr. Macfarlane; A. Z. Baker, president of American Stockyards Assoc.; and Walter A. Netsch, president of Livestock Conservation, Inc., snapped at the Chicago convention.

Society and

Convention News

LIVESTOCK losses from all causes, including disease, parasites, unsanitation, rough handling and poor equipment, are costing the American farmer over \$800,000,000 annually! This staggering information was brought to the attention of the delegates attending the annual meeting of Livestock Conservation, Inc., held at the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago recently.

While in the Windy City we spent several hours at the Union stockyards observing handling practices and equipment, and I feel that the Brighton (Mass.) stockyard, under the direction of Chester A. Black, is better in every way. Because of Mr. Black's close cooperation with the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Assoc., and because of his own desire to improve the facilities at the Brighton yard he went to a great deal of trouble, and his company to great expense, to see that bruising and crippling of animals while at the yard is held to a minimum. All ramps are the step type, corners are rounded, all alleys present smooth sides, and everything humanly possible is done to protect livestock being driven in and about the yard.

However, there will always be cruelty just as long as we have rough, inconsiderate handlers delivering stock to any yard. Most of the men who bring their livestock into terminal markets recognize the importance of careful handling, but there is a minority of roughnecks who think the best way to drive an animal from a truck to a holding pen is to use a heavy club or the toe of a shoe.

At the annual meeting in Chicago, our New England program was complimented because we are the first to interest state agricultural colleges in setting up local livestock loss prevention committees. The University of Mass. started the first one in the country over a year ago. We were able to set up a similar committee at the University of Vermont and we hope to see these two colleges take the lead in a national movement for more humane treatment of stock.

—John C. Macfarlane

Service News

To the Rescue

BY REQUEST one of our agents accompanied a police officer to a camp where 20 dogs had been left behind after the commitment of their owner to a state hospital. The court had turned over the dogs to the Massachusetts SPCA and the chief of police. Ten puppies were taken by our Society to be placed in homes, two were put to sleep, and the others were taken by the dog officer for placing.

In another case, a man was summoned to court for moving away and deliberately leaving a dog deserted. Found in a Quonset hut where the man formerly lived, the dog was weak and thin, so it was brought to our Hospital. In court the owner was severely lectured and fined.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

"Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX — 1510 on your dial.

"Animal Fair" is presented by John C. Macfarlane each Friday at 6:00 P.M., over WBZ-TV, Channel 4 on your dial. **BE SURE TO LISTEN!**

May We Help You?

WOULD you be interested in a series of introductory lessons without charge on the proper care of pets and how to learn the secrets of wildlife? Our teachers will visit your school or youth group if possible, or they can suggest activities and a bibliography to help children acquire these basic learnings.

Those living in the greater Boston or Springfield areas are most welcome throughout the year to visit our animal exhibits, listen to a short talk, see animal stories on film, and tour our hospitals. For an appointment, call Mr. Pollard (Boston) at Longwood 6-6100, or Mrs. Shirley Smead (Springfield) at Springfield 4-7353. For additional information please write Mr. Pollard, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.



"Share and share alike" might easily be the title of this picture, which depicts a daily scene at Angell Memorial during the hot weather. Not having a dog of his own, nine-year-old Leroy Ross of Dorchester, made it a practice every day this summer to furnish a king-sized ice cream cone to one of the convalescing animals here. The lucky dog this time is Tippy, a fox terrier.

Agents' Calendar -- Samples of Daily SPCA Routine

DURING a routine inspection of dog kennels, our agent came upon a very dirty, unsanitary one. The agent took pictures for evidence and presented them to the county commissioner.

Two weeks later the defendants with their attorney appeared before the commissioner. The pictures corroborated our agent's testimony, and the kennel owners were refused a new license and given 60 days to dispose of all the animals they had on hand.

While attending a cattle auction at a local fair grounds, an agent found a truck with a steel floor in which the animals were having great difficulty to stay on their feet. The owner was advised to have the steel floor covered with a wooden one before carrying any more stock.

As a man was walking through the woods near his home, he heard what he thought was a woman crying. Investigating, he found three young boys stabbing with a penknife at a stray cat which they had hung from a low branch. The cat was swinging back and forth and making the noise the man had heard.

The man released the cat and reported the incident to one of our agents, who had the boys brought into court. The boys were found guilty and their cases continued for a month. Two of them had previously been in reform school.

Our readers will be glad to know that the cat was brought to Angell Memorial, nursed back to health, and placed in a desirable home.

An agent brought a man into court for killing his neighbor's dog with a rake. Found guilty and fined \$50.00, he appealed, claiming that the dog was attacking his cat. He was reminded that there are less fatal ways of stopping a cat-and-dog fight. The neighbor said he had threatened the dog before.

In answer to a complaint by the local police, one of our agents visited a slaughter house where there were 38 horses. He found water and feed provided, such as it was, but the animals' shelter was very dirty and most inadequate. The owners were warned to take better care of the horses and our agent will check again, later, to see what has been done to improve the situation.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Aw, don't be such a hold-out!"

My Favorite Pet

By Diane Starkey (Age 14)

I AM about to write the story of my favorite pet. In the summer of 1946 I went to visit my uncle on a farm and he gave me a fluffy kitten which I called "Puff."

When I got Puff home I found she was quite a worry to me because every time she went outside I had to watch her closely or she would get lost because all the houses were alike. Sometimes I would try to take her out on a string, but it usually ended up by Puff's rolling over and over on the string and getting away from me. She learned to do many cute things.

We moved to Portland, Maine, the following spring and there she grew up and had her first kittens. I named them "Tiger," "Blackie," and "Cherry." Tiger met with an accident and Cherry followed someone away. So all we had left was Blackie and Puff.

In 1942, we moved to Fort Ethan Allen and Puff had a tiger kitten. She and Blackie were very proud of him. Puff would sit all day and watch Blackie and the kitten play.

In the summer of 1950 we moved from Fort Ethan Allen and because I couldn't keep all three I gave Blackie to a friend. We went to visit up in Maine and the kitten liked my grandmother's farm so we left him there.

Now I am living in Holyoke (Mass.) with only Puff for a pet.

About "Cinders"

By Nancy Williams (Age 13)

I HAD a dog whose name was "Cinders." We named him that because he was always playing in the cinders in our driveway. He was black with a white stripe between his eyes. The day we got him my sister came home from Scouts and he was in his box and she thought he was a baby skunk.

He played with me when we played hide-and-seek. One day he played with my doctor's cat and chased it round and round the house. Then he saw his own short tail and chased it. He didn't chase any cars or trucks. He was a good dog, except every morning at six o'clock he would bark.

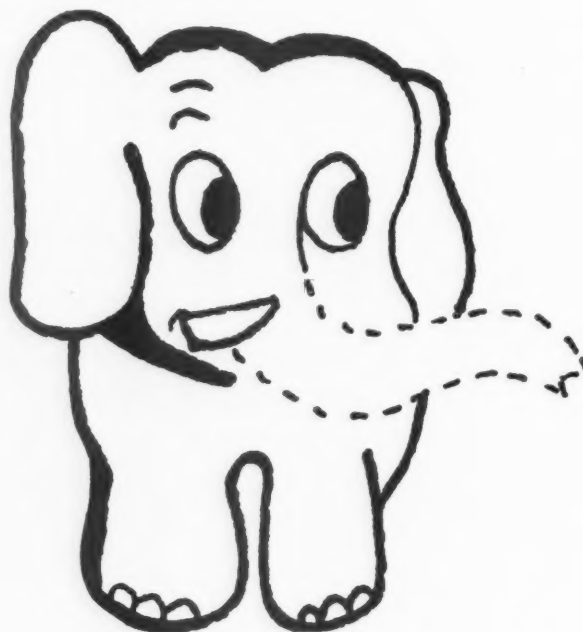
Elephant Bookmark

By Violet M. Roberts

HERE'S something cute and useful you can make for yourself, your family, and your friends, too.

Trace the elephant below and transfer him to lightweight cardboard, or draw your own elephant freehand from the sketch if you prefer; then cut him out. Decorate with watercolors, and let him dry.

Next, carefully cut along the dotted lines on the elephant's trunk, and now he's ready to use. Just lift the snout and place it over a page to mark the spot where you stopped reading. Convenient, isn't it?



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Barnyard Chorus

By Clarence M. Lindsay

The farmyard folk all started in
One day to make an awful din!
The, most peaceful of the crew,
Stopped chewing grass and said: "Moo-ooo!"
The ran up and yelped: "Bow, Wow!"
The with arched back cried: "Me-ow!"
The from the pond waddled back,
And kept repeating: "Quack! Quack! Quack!"
The who looked on from afar,
Lifted its head and said: "Baa! Baa!"
The, thinking there was trouble,
Began to holler: "Gobble! Gobble!"
A tiny, just to keep
Its courage up, piped: "Peep! Peep! Peep!"
The took that as his cue,
And burst out: "Cockle-doodle-doo!"
Now can you name each one of these
Who made this awful racket, please?

ANSWERS: Cow, dog, cat, duck, sheep, turkey, chicken, rooster.

Smart Little Rabbit

By Linda Jean Dryden (Age 9)

IN THE hedge next door lives a family of rabbits. Every year we have a big vegetable garden, and rabbits like vegetables, you know.

They have to cross our yard to reach the garden. Through one gate and out the other. Everything was fine until we got a puppy.

One day, a little rabbit went through the gate as usual, but our puppy was there. Around and around they went. Little Rabbit forgot the way to the other gate and he was scared.

Suddenly he saw a small hole in the fence. Zip! He was gone. Now the smart little rabbit hops around the fence and our dog cannot get him.

We have so many vegetables my Daddy says he doesn't mind sharing with the rabbits. So we keep the puppy inside the fence whenever the rabbits are feeding. I don't mind sharing our vegetables with them either.

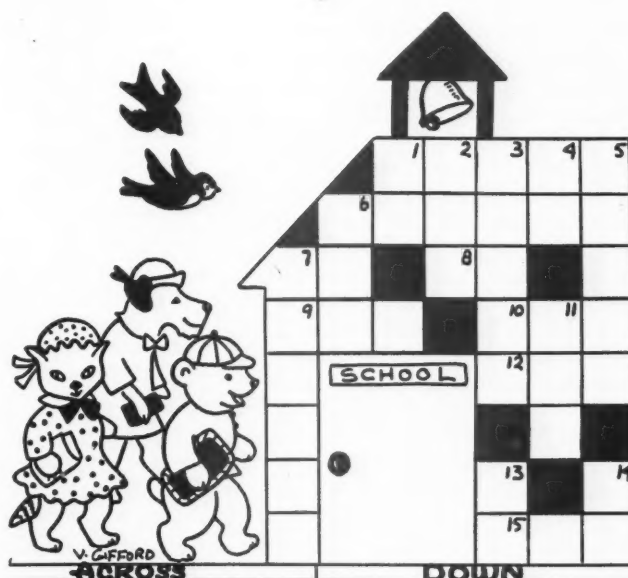
Answer to August puzzle: ACROSS—1. Can, 3. Pa, 5. Fish, 7. Nose, 9. Oat, 10. Pk., 11. Deer. DOWN—1. Canoe, 2. Nest, 3. Pick, 4. As, 6. Had, 8. Oars, 12. El.

Dog Buys Candy

By Carrie Eldridge

A FOX terrier, named "Jerry," belonging to my aunt, Mrs. Franklin Haase of North Bergen, N. J., when given a penny, goes directly to the candy store across the street and spends it for candy. He will not give the penny to the clerk until the clerk gives him the candy. This dog was taught to go to the store by the bus drivers who pass the house and sometimes stop for gas. They became friends with the dog and gave him pennies, then took him to the store. Now he goes there alone and spends his money.

Sometimes he boards a bus and rides several blocks to the end of the line and returns, then gets off again at his corner. Isn't Jerry smart?



- ACROSS
1. TO EXIST.
 2. TO FINISH.
 3. A SENIOR - ABBV.
 4. RHODE ISLAND - ABBV.
 5. 3+1=4
 6. FOR.
 7. AN INSTITUTION FOR LEARNING.
 8. SHORT FOR OVER.
 9. WHETHER.
 10. WORK ANIMAL.
- DOWN
1. TO EXIST.
 2. TO FINISH.
 3. A SENIOR - ABBV.
 4. RHODE ISLAND - ABBV.
 5. 3+1=4
 6. FOR.
 7. AN INSTITUTION FOR LEARNING.
 8. SHORT FOR OVER.
 9. WHETHER.
 10. WORK ANIMAL.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Outstanding Convention Program

A GLIMPSE of the program scheduled for the annual convention to be held in Boston, October 6-9 will serve to spur all who are interested in the work of animal protection to make their plans now to attend these meetings.

Opening on Monday morning, there will be a three-hour period set aside for registration of delegates. Then at 1:30 P. M. the opening session will feature President Eric H. Hansen, Massachusetts S. P. C. A. who will deliver a message of welcome and introduce Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, D. D. who will, in turn, deliver the invocation. Following this ceremony President Carlton E. Buttrick, Animal Rescue League of Boston will also welcome the delegates and introduce Mayor John B. Hynes who will deliver a short address. President Kerns Wright, The American Humane Association will then respond, followed by a report from Executive Director Mel Morse. Reports and appointments of committees will precede the keynote address which will be given by Secretary Charles W. Friedrichs, San Francisco S. P. C. A. Monday evening will feature "Pet Placement Program and How It Works," Mrs. Gertrude Groezinger, Animal Rescue League of Boston; "Control of Kennel Diseases," Gerald R. Dalmadge, Superintendent, Palo Alto Humane Society; "Shelter Records," Larry Andrews, Director of Field Service, The American Humane Association.

On Tuesday, there will be a panel on the place of humane agents. Topics will include "Place of the Humane Agent in Livestock Loss Prevention," John C. Macfarlane, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; "Humane Agent at Fairs," Earl E. Wentzel, Animal Rescue League of Boston; "Humane Agent at Rodeos and Circuses," Leslie Loomis, Lancaster County Humane Society; "Humane Agent in Court," William Sullivan, Erie County S. P. C. A.; "Humane Agent in Rural Work," Bob Carl, Elmira Humane Society. In the afternoon there will be a panel on public relations, led by Fred Myers, The American Humane Association. The panel will include, "How to Promote Nation-Wide Publicity for Kindness Week," Raymond J. Hanfield, Executive Director, National Dog Week; and "What Constitutes a Good Television Program," Iran Berlow, Executive Producer, WBZ-TV Studio. The evening sessions will be devoted to Humane Education under the leadership of Albert

A. Pollard, the American Humane Education Society, Chairman and Miss Harriet Flannery, Animal Rescue League of Boston, Co-Chairman. The program will include a puppet display by Miss Flannery, an address by Dr. Roma Gans, Department of Education, Columbia University (subject to be announced); "Humane Education at Each Grade Level," Miss Dorothea Clark, staff teacher of the American Humane Education Society and former science teacher in the Springfield schools; "A Parent Evaluates Humane Education," Mrs. Christine Stevens, Humane Society of Washtenaw Co.; "Materials and Aids for the Practice of Kindness," Mrs. Edward Bidwell, staff teacher of the A. H. E. S. and former assistant curator of the Holyoke Natural History Museum. The program will be concluded with the showing of Walt Disney's film "Nature's Half-Acre."

Wednesday morning will witness a panel under the chairmanship of R. J. Chenoweth, Wayside Waifs, featuring "The Humane Society's Contribution to Veterinary Medicine," Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief of Staff, Angell Memorial Animal Hospital; "Efforts to Achieve a Humane Trap," Lester A. Giles, The American Humane Association; "What On-The-Job-Training Has Meant to Me," George Pillsbury, Northeastern University Trainee, Animal Rescue League of Boston; "The Bullfight Menace," Mel Morse, The American Humane Association.

The afternoon will see a tour of inspection of the Animal Rescue League's Pine Ridge Pet Cemetery and Rest Farm, a reception at the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and a tour of its world-famed Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

The highlight of the convention will fall on that evening—the annual banquet at which outstanding speakers will entertain the delegates.

The Thursday morning sessions will be in the form of an open forum under the chairmanship of Tom Justice, of the Humane Society of the City of Columbus, and in the afternoon the convention will end with a bus tour of Lexington and Concord and other historic sites in and around Boston.

As we said—an outstanding program. We hope everyone will plan to come to Boston.

Attention, Mr. Metcalf!

"Chickens come home to roost!"

HOW ironically some things happen. From Auburn, N. Y., comes an Associated Press story which tells of a dog that was missing two days and then was returned to its owner by the Cayuga County S. P. C. A. The dog owner happened to be State Senator George R. Metcalf, co-sponsor of controversial legislation to make unclaimed cats and dogs available for medical research.

The S. P. C. A. notified the senator that the dog, a pet of the children, had been found by an unidentified person and turned over to the organization. The dog wandered off several days before.

The dog research bill was passed by the legislature at its last session after considerable opposition, much of which came from the S. P. C. A.'s throughout the state.

The dispatch at hand does not say how the senator reacted to the kindness of the unidentified finder of the dog and the service of the Society, two things which combined to get the dog back into the hands of its owner.

Had the dog fallen into other hands it might today be on its way to research.

Everything possible should be done to get lost dogs back to their owners and saved from research. Finders of dogs should immediately notify their nearest S. P. C. A. branch; or, where there is identification of the dog by means of a tag, by notifying the owner.

Dog licenses are intended not only for the purpose of raising funds for cities and towns, but to protect dogs and owners, so far as possible, from separation.

Editor's Note: The above story was checked with the Cayuga County S. P. C. A., in Auburn, N. Y. A letter received from its president, Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, vouches for its truth.

Catosphere Travel

*Kitty lay a-sunning
Just outside my door;
Cozy, comfy, dreaming,
Contented to the core.*

*A dog came 'round the corner
And thus set off a fuse—
Jet propulsion to kitty
Is anything but news.*

—Escha Munsey



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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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For Teachers . . .

We hope you are planning this year to correlate Humane Education with your regular school work. Leaflets and supplies on the care and treatment of animals, for the formation of Junior Humane Societies, including pins and membership cards, may be obtained from our Society. Send for price list.

Also we are offering interesting posters made by school children, if you will send 25 cents to cover postage.

Write to:

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

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